

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airway emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate, his daughter, Lillith, and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to the platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lillith Ramill, product of the Jazz age, plainly shows her contempt for Garth.

CHAPTER II.—Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is valuable, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing the treachery that lies ahead Garth secretly visits the plane and removes a small part from the motor.

CHAPTER III.—Huxby and Lillith hunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone soon changes when they try to start the crippled plane. Returning to camp they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to get the monoplane afloat and the motor carries it over the falls. Garth is wrecked. He points out to the amazed trio that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness and to kill him would be fatal.

"These are pests," Huxby cursed. "Let my assistant. Hey, you airplane! You, fetch me a drink, Jim! If you can't do it, I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of your threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew the automatic pistol from its high-gluing sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth.

"Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly madness. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."

The tormented man first ran to lie down on the hill bank. Between deep drinks, he doused his bitten face in a pool and dashed the gratefully cool water over the back of his neck. The moment he stopped, the pests buzzed at him again. He ran to the smoky side of the fire without stopping for his headnet.

For the first time since Garth had met Lillith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiance.

"It's good, Vivian. Try it. You must be famished."

Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind.

"Why, Lillith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious." He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth."

"I'll soon cook more, There's plenty."

Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for us, sir. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."

He had a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill.

Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad.

But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed.

"You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whisky, either."

Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket.

"All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."

Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskeg swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?"

"My game?"

"Yes. We may as well settle this now as later. Don't tell me you haven't some big scheme in mind. You guessed we meant to cast off and leave you holding the sack. Otherwise you wouldn't have taken that key part from the plane motor."

Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outwit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?"

The ruddy face of the millionaire

point of your pistol."

The thrust proved too much for Huxby. He sat silent. Garth went on with his quiet argument:

"All that is now past history. We're more concerned with the present and future. Mr. Ramill has shown his common sense by facing the facts of the situation. He has fallen into line. The question is, do you and Miss Ramill throw in with us, or do you go on your own? If with us, I'm to be chief. How about it?"

Huxby had cooled down enough to see the point. "You win. I join up."

Miss Ramill looked puzzled and a bit alarmed. "What's the great idea, Vivian?"

"Very simple, my dear. He has the whip hand. He is boss. We must obey his orders, or we'll never get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly—!" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent.

He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start graining the hair off the moosehides while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!"

"Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those flimsy soles wear through on the rocks."

She flared. "Gallant Sir Galahad!"

"Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No, lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscle. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough without a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She stared indignantly from him to her fiance. Mr. Ramill had no less obviously laid down his law.

Garth ignored the girl. He scooped deeply into the trays of the food, cutting large pieces, about seven feet high. He then cut rapidly to split across from toe to toe, with ends wedged in the handles. The next move was to select a number of alder poles.

When he returned, smoke was billowing up to drive the flies from the moose-pounges and muffs. Miss Ramill had rebuilt the smudge-fire and taken down the liver, ready for slicing. She gazed up at him, stormy-eyed, ready to flare if he had shown the slightest flicker of amusement or gloating.

Instead, he gave her a curt nod of acknowledgment, laid his knife beside the liver, and turned to space the poles across the sapling framework to make a grill above the smudge. Upon this he laid the moose leg and the pieces of lynx meat.

Huxby came back from the discovery stake with the gold pan and little aluminum pot. He stared in surprise at sight of Miss Ramill cooking the liver. She shrugged her slim shoulders, and drew back from the fire to give one spit to her father. After that she silently offered the other to Garth.

"Thank you," he said. "Let me suggest that you now fill the gold pan with water and slice into it one of the muffs. They don't look promising. But if simmered for a day or two, a single moose muzzle will give us several delicious meals of what might be called aspic jelly."

This won no sign of interest from the girl. She was no longer hungry. Garth ignored her silence.

"After starting that dish, you may cook as much more of the liver as your father can eat. I will keep on resting while Huxby and I go for another load of moose meat. The sooner we pack all to camp, the surer we will be that other mouths do not get away with it."

He unbuckled his pack, slung the pack-board on his back, and picked up his rifle and belt-ax. Huxby trailed after him out of camp. They walked in Indian file all the way around to the muskeg swamp, Huxby with his gaze fixed coldly upon the back of his leader.

At the swamp Garth cut a tote-pole and passed it through the tendons of two hindquarters of moose. The remaining quarter he strapped to his pack-board. He folded the second lynx skin for Huxby to use as a shoulder pad. Upon it the mining engineer rested his end of the tote-pole.

Though Garth had no pad, he stood up with the moose quarter on his back and lifted his end of the pole to his shoulder. But he was accustomed to packing. He bore the meat on his pack-board and his half of the two quarters on the pole with as little difficulty as Huxby toted the other end of the pole.

When they reached the camp Miss Ramill and her father were out gathering wood. At one end of the fire, thick smoke was rising from green sticks and leaves; at the other end, the pan of sliced muffle was boiling hard. After he and Huxby had lifted the moose quarters upon the rack, Garth brought water in the aluminum pot and cooled down the stew to simmering heat. Miss Ramill had much to learn about the culinary art.

After the meal Garth glanced at the red after-glow of sunset.

"Mr. Ramill, the leanto and blanket are for you and your daughter. Huxby can take the lee side of the fire. I'll keep it going. Turn in whenever you please."

A yawn surprised Lillith Ramill into a mocking laugh. She turned to her swollen-faced fiance.

"What a howling farce, Vivian! Can you imagine me going to roost at sunset, instead of sunrise?"

Huxby forced a smile and felt at a particular sore cluster of bites on the

back of his neck. Mr. Ramill cast a wistful glance towards the leanto.

"I presume, Lillith, you will prefer not to share the hut with me. Perhaps I can manage out here beside the fire, like Vivian."

"No," Garth differed. "You'll sleep under that blanket until you have hardened into shape, and you'll turn in now. It's been a big day for you."

The girl bridled. "How about my wishes—and the proprieties?"

"We'll leave that to you," Garth replied. "If you consider it improper to share the blanket with your father, you're welcome to sit up and help me grain these moosehides."

Huxby stiffened. "None of your insolence! You'll treat Miss Ramill with utmost respect."

"The lady shall receive from me all the respect to which she shows herself entitled," Garth said. "Why not make it mutual, all around?"

Lillith Ramill was no less completely outmaneuvered than the engineer. She spoke to her father: "Well, I must say, Dad, if you're letting him order you around, I refuse to stay up and slave all night. Come on."

He crept after her into the brush leanto. Garth at once set to making more catgut. Huxby had gathered a thin padding of spruce tips and moss at the far side of the fire and lay down. Like the girl and her father, he soon fell asleep.

After finishing his first task, Garth tended the fire and added water to the simmering muffle stew. He next began graining the hair from the moose bull hide. He could have stretched out and gone to sleep no less readily than had the cheebahoes. On the other hand, he was able to keep awake as long as he wished. He scraped steadily at the coarse moose hair, the white hus ears crack in the voices of the wind.

By the time the sun glared over the biggest crests on the northeast wall of the valley, Garth had the hair grained from both the moose hides. As he started to cut into the larger skin, Miss Ramill crawled from the leanto.

She blinked and yawned, straightened her rumpled sports skirt, and sat down to lace her boots. He gave her a friendly good morning.

"Good! Fat!" she scoffed. "I feel like the morning after. Here I am flat. Not a drop of anything for a brace; no bath; no clothes or face cream or lotions; no make-up! Not even a cigarette! Yet you have the face to give me about it!"

At that, he could not resist giving her the old quip: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

She ignored it to point at the simmering muffle in the gold pan. "Look at that filthy mess; half full of ashes. If you had a spark of decency, you'd throw it out and warm me a pan of water for my face and hands."

(Continued Next Week)

South by the lands of Elmer Bryson and W. H. Limer, on the West by the lands of J. A. Francis and J. N. Francis.

The terms of sale are as follows:

CASH.

All bids will be received subject to rejection or confirmation by the Clerk of said Superior Court and no bid will be accepted or reported unless its maker shall deposit with said Clerk at the close of the bidding the sum of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars as a forfeit and guaranty of compliance with his bid, the same to be credited on his bid when accepted.

Notice is now given that said lands will be resold at the same place and upon the same terms at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day unless said deposit is sooner made.

Every deposit not forfeited or accepted will be promptly returned to the maker.

This the 9th day of December, 1935.
M. G. STAMEY,
Commissioner.
No. 421—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

vs.

Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes, and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood, and Louise Leatherwood, by her Guardian Ad Litem, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, dated December 9th, 1935, made in the Special Proceeding entitled, Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, vs. Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood, and Louise Leatherwood, by her guardian ad litem, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, the undersigned, Commissioner of the Court, will on the 13th day of January, 1936, at 12:00 o'clock, M., at the courthouse door in Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder the following described lands and premises, to-wit:

FIRST TRACT: Lying and being in Haywood County, North Carolina, and bounded as follows: BEGINNING on a chestnut on the West side of Mountain, Leatherwood and Queen's corner and runs thence N. 89° W. 56 1/2 poles to a stake in a field, A. Howell's corner; thence with Howell's line N. 1° E. 10 1/2 poles to a stake, Kinsland's corner; thence with Kinsland's line N. 88° E. 40 poles to a chestnut on a ridge; thence up the ridge N. 45° 30' E. 27 poles to a stake in Jno. M. Queen's line, Kinsland's corner; thence with Queen's line S. 1° 30' W. 127 poles to the Beginning. Containing 39 acres, as per survey and plat of Guy Messer, made December 5, 1935. BEING on True Love Mountain and known as a part of the W. H. Curry Tract. Being part of the tract of land conveyed to W. P. Leatherwood by Geo. H. Smathers and wife by deed dated June 1, 1909, recorded in Book 28, page 175.

SECOND TRACT: In Haywood County, North Carolina, and being Lots Nos. 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145 and 146 of the Limer-Coman Subdivision at Lake Junaluska, as per survey and plat of J. W. Seaver, made January and February, 1924, and duly recorded in Map Book "B," Index "L," office of the Register of Deeds, of Haywood County. Being lots conveyed to W. P. Leatherwood by deed, recorded as follows: Book 71, page 26; Book 63, page 97; Book 63, page 270.

THIRD TRACT: In Waynesville Township, Haywood County, N. C. Being a part of the Moore and John Morrow lands, and beginning at a hickory and runs N. 60° W. 1 chain and 71 links to a stake; thence N. 23° 5' W. 6 chains and 80 links to a stake; thence S. 87° 30' E. 4 chains and 62 links to a stake; thence S. 2° 30' W. 6 chains and 89 links to a hickory, the beginning, containing 1 94-100 acres, more or less, and being the first tract in the deed from James Reed and wife to W. P. Leatherwood, dated April 10, 1919, recorded in Book 55, page 156.

The terms of the sale are as follows: The first tract herein above described will be sold for one-half of the bid in cash and the balance payable in two equal annual installments secured by a purchase money deed of trust on the same. The second tracts consisting of lots will be sold for cash. A purchaser may have any of said lots sold separately. The third tract will be sold for cash.

This the 9th day of December, 1935.
MRS. W. P. LEATHERWOOD,
Commissioner of the Court and Administratrix of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.
No. 423—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-12.

NOTICE OF RECEIVER'S SALE

On Monday, January 6th, 1936, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in Waynesville, the undersigned will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder, on the terms of one-third cash and the remainder in two equal annual installments bearing interest and secured by deed of trust, the following described lands and premises in the town of Waynesville, and adjoining the corporate limits of the town of Waynesville, known as the Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Corporation property, and more particularly bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake in the center of the Southern Railway track and southwest corner of the H. W. Westcott lot, and runs thence S. 34° E. 251 feet with Westcott's line to a stake in a ditch; thence S. 22° 30' W. 100 feet with the ditch to a stake; thence S. 51° 30' W. 204 feet to a stake in E. of Factory Street; thence S. 41° 30' E. 258 feet to a stake in Northern

line of street; thence S. 49° 30' W. 176 feet passing Mrs. De Neergard's corner at 20 feet in South side line of said street and with the line of her line to a stake on the N. side line of said highway, Mrs. De Neergard's Southwest corner; thence S. 88° 30' W. 100 feet with said line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 72° W. 100 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 78° W. 200 feet with side line of State Highway to a stake; thence N. 88° W. 390 feet with said side line of said highway to a stake; thence W. 100 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence N. 60 feet to a stake in center of Southern Railroad track; thence N. 52° E. 1230 feet up the center of track to the Beginning, containing 10.71 acres, more or less, subject to the rights and easements of the Southern Railway.

Said land will be subdivided into parcels and a map exhibited at said sale, and the property will be offered for sale in parcels and then as a whole, to the highest bidder.

Sale made pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Superior Court, made at February Term, 1935, of the Superior Court of Haywood County in an action entitled, "Citizens Bank and Trust Co. et al., vs. Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Co., et al." and the sale will be subject to the approval of the Court.

This the 30th day of November, 1935.
J. H. HOWELL, Receiver of Haywood Furniture Mfg. Co.
No. 419—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Dee Clark, deceased, late of Haywood County. This is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at her home on Cove Creek, N. C., on or before the 15th day of December, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

This the 24th day of December, 1935,
MRS. NELLIE CLARK,
Administratrix of the estate of Dee Clark, deceased.
Dec. 5-12-19-26-Jan. 2-9.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

By virtue of the power vested in the undersigned Trustee, I will on Saturday, the 18th day of January, 1936, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Courthouse door in the Town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash the following lands and premises:

Lying and being in Haywood County, North Carolina, and particularly described as follows:

FIRST TRACT: Being in Ivy Hill Township, and being part of the Howell-Moody farm, BEGINNING in the center of the road leading to Jonathan's Creek, Queen's corner, and runs with the center of said road South 81° 15' East 100 feet; then South 88° 30' East 58 poles to a stake, corner; thence South 24° 15' West 323 feet to a stake; thence South 42° 45' West 233 feet to a stake, Queen's corner; thence with said Queen's line North 15° East 496 feet to the BEGINNING, containing 1.13 acres, more or less, being the same tract of land described in a deed from James W. Reed and wife to John M. Queen, dated the 23rd day of August, 1922, as recorded in Book No. 59, page 195, et seq., Record of Deeds of Haywood County, North Carolina.

SECOND TRACT: Adjoining the above tract, and adjoining the lands of Taylor McAbee and the Garrett lands, and being part of the Howell-Moody farm, BEGINNING at a stake in Dellwood Road, and runs South 15° West 7 chains and 45 links to a stake; thence South 45° 30' West 10 chains and 32 links to a stake near base of a large pine; then N. 49° W. 6 chains and .96 to old stump; thence North 38° East 5 chains and .90 links to a locust; North 5° 30' East 20 chains and 21 links to a stake; N. 79° 39' East 4 chains and 83 links to a stake; North 44° 15' East 2 chains and 12 links to a stake; North 22° East 2 chains and 18 links to stake in Dellwood Road; thence along said road South 64° 45' East 1 chain and 56 links to a stake in said road; thence South 71° 20' East 1 chain and 65 links to the BEGINNING, containing 9.72 acres, more or less.

Sale made pursuant to the power of said contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Harry Lee Limer and wife, Henrietta Limer, dated the 20th day of August, 1925, as registered in Book No. 16, on page 57, et seq., Deeds in Trust of Haywood County, North Carolina.

This the 17th day of December, 1935.
S. L. QUEEN,
Trustee.
No. 426—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9-16.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR

Having qualified as executor of the estate of J. R. Henry, deceased, late of the County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 14th day of December, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 14th day of December, 1935.
HOMER HENRY,
Executor of the Estate of J. R. Henry.
No. 427—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9-16-25.

NOTICE

The partnership heretofore existing between J. M. Long and W. A. Bradley (Long and Bradley, General Merchandise, Hazelwood, N. C.) has been dissolved as of this date.

This the 12th day of December, 1935.
J. M. LONG.
No. 435—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9.